

## THE ISONOMY

APPARENTLY A JESUIT ORGAN.  
HAS SOME KIND THINGS, AND  
MANY UNKIND ONES TO  
SAY ABOUT ME.

"Reed's Isonomy"—San Antonio, Texas, J. Guy Reed, Editor and Jas. Armstrong, associate editor in its July issue, makes me the subject of extensive and adverse largely adverse.

After a manner of a Chinese feast we will take the dessert first.

From a letter of some one mentioned as "Another, at Arlington, Maryland," I take the following:

"I also see that you jump on my very reverend friend, Chas. C. Moore, of 'The Blue Grass Blade,' he of the bristling whiskers through which the wind howls as it lathers. You claim that his chief business is to 'produce absurd arguments against the Christian religion.' What would you have to go against that old superstition?"

It is not grown gray with the mosses of absurdity? Extract the borrowed plumage of the Christian religion and naught is there left but dross. It is a hideous monster bedecked in grotesque horrors. All the worthy precepts are alien, only the hydra and griffin elves and unbeauteous brownies are original. You gently rail about the average agnostics. I am not one of these half-way houses; I am the 'real thing,' an atheist with a large 'A'. I presume, if you will permit the Yankeeism, that you are a Deist with a 'D' of large dimensions—a real shade of Brann? However, I have no quarrel with you, whatever your 'persuasion.' You are free, white and twenty-one; so am I. The following is an old saw which, when set to music, buzzes to the tune: 'It is dangerous to play with edge tools.' Look out for the business end of Whisker and Moore's Blade. It is a two edged sword, Toledo on the one side and Damascus on the other, and wielded by a slasher from Slashtown. He may exhaust himself, but all hell and Brown's mules cannot daunt him. He is a heathen of the heathenly. Old Charlie may be eccentric, but you may wager long odds that he is having as much fun in his Blue Grass balliwick as you are in your Texas borough. Your idea of the cause of volcanic eruptions appears to be pure logic. Moore is only harping against priestcraft. Regarding his statement that Booker Washington is a greater man than George Washington, that is but his individual opinion. Perhaps it is true that Booker knows something to-day that would have astounded G. W. in his. In that sense, Booker is, of course, the peer of a great many old-timers. Brother Moore might also have stated that Booker, too, is yet in the 'dark' about some things."

I am obliged to the unknown friend who has a kind word to say about me.

Sorry "Isonomy" was the "Truth Seeker's" bad habit withholding the addresses of its friends.

From an editorial headed "Defending the Papacy," by Armstrong, I take the following extracts:

"Channing Severance, of Los Angeles, Cal., in a recent issue of The Blue Grass Blade, takes me to task as 'the new defender of papacy.' His criticism was occasioned by an article of mine—'Why I am not a Catholic.' From a careful reading of his diatribe I conclude that he is lacking in historical information and what Herbert Spencer calls 'philosophic calm.' The gist of the article of Mr. Severance may be summed up thus: The Catholic Church is the perpetual paralyzer of the human mind and Armstrong is a lunatic. According to Mr. Severance, I would easily see that the human race never did anything worse than to become religious, and that it will never do anything better than to become materialistic. If I was not a lunatic, I would know that the Catholic Church has never been anything but an engine of tyranny and that its effect upon human affairs has been entirely vicious."

Now, if Mr. Severance understood evolution well, he would know that the progress of mankind was made possible only through political and religious organizations. Blind and unreasonable obedience to the church was the germ of national life. The primitive ruler was both priest and king. It was well that the tribe looked upon its leader with superstitious regard—with awe and reverence. In his vague guesses of what happened to man at his death, the savage and barbarian became religious. Out of this came the God idea and out of the God idea came that of the divine rights of kings. In the course of time the functions of priest and king were no longer carried out by the same individual. This was in accordance with the law of specialization of labor. That there was a great human need for both priest and king is self-evident. That both abused, greatly and frequently abused, their high prerogatives is equally plain."

"The Spanish Inquisition, the burning of heretics and the Index Expurgatorie are not enough to nullify the inestimable work that the papacy has done for mankind."

"The papacy, I think, has made mistakes, has even committed crimes; but the human race has made more mistakes and committed more crimes and yet no sensible man thinks of discrediting his ancestors entirely because many of them were man-eating savages."

"Suppose it would turn out that the bad popes were really atheists at heart, as Macaulay thinks, what would Mr. Severance say then?"

"If Torquemada burned men because he was religious, or because he was a Catholic, why does not Leo XIII try to burn some now?"

Is it because he is not religious or not a Catholic? Why do not Catholic priests throng to the lynching bees? What is it that has changed the virtues of an institution that "delighted to inflict the death penalty in its most horrid form" into humane sort of folks?"

"In another place Mr. Severance says 'It is simply hellish to read what the Catholic church has done to keep the world in ignorance, that superstition might flourish and lazy priests and monks and nuns live in idleness. It is enough to make every thinking man damn it when it comes into his mind.'"

"Thinking men' of course means 'freethinkers' and if Mr. Severance means anything he means he would start a little hell of his own for the benefit of the Catholics, if he could. Or he means that he would simply curse them, which of course is a very becoming and wise thing for a materialist to do. The truth of the matter is that the spirit of asceticism does not contemplate a lazy life. It made Gautama forsake a kingdom and it has made thousands of men and women enter convents and monasteries. The philosophy of renunciation, 'all is vanity and vexation of spirit,' is the basic principle of all the great religions as well as the unanswerable logic of the only true philosophy—Pessimism."

"My kingdom is not of this world."

"There is more real contentment in the said denial of religion than there is in hedonistic materialism. Gautama, Christ, Schopenhauer and Tolstoi are more nearly right than the masses of mankind shall ever know. The very vitality of the church is the constant disappointment of every human hope. It is this which gives the church its power and its perpetuity. Thinking of it in this way that is as the solace of many millions who, tired of the illusions of hope and perfectly impressed with the utter transiency of life, look for compensation somehow and somewhere in the future, it is not surprising that the Catholic church has flourished through so many centuries. But to think of it as Mr. Severance does, as a gigantic slot machine for the support of the lazy and vicious would indeed make it the most marvelous institution the world has seen, and so well would it speak for the success of robbery and kindred crime that we would be forced to regard its institution as nothing less than supernatural and its perpetuity as the performance of an unending miracle."

"As between lunacy and the materialistic absurdity of Mr. Severance, may the God or power that made us preserve us as we are. J. A. Jr."

Under the head "The Intolerance of Liberalism," by Armstrong, I take the following extracts:

"Just now I can think of a no more striking example of this kind of a man than Charles C. Moore of the Blue Grass Blade of Lexington, Ky. He seems to have about as much sense as Dr. Wilson, who thinks that 'imperialistic ecclesiastic and economic tyranny is the cause of anarchy.' Moore does not realize that religion, like government, has been produced in a very natural way, and that both have been of inestimable service in the civilization of mankind. He has not intelligence enough to know that theism and anarchism are perfectly concomitant, that with the disappearance of religion the very foundation of government would crumble away, leaving nothing but chaos and anarchy for those who survive and the fittest for those who die. Moore does not know that every idea he has of goodness, benevolence and fraternity is essentially a religious idea, and perfectly at variance with the philosophy of materialism. If he is touched to tears by the loss of a loved one, he does not understand that he is the victim of organic grief that has been brought to him by heredity from his naked and spirit-worshipping ancestors. The man is so ignorant as to think that materialism offers a better basis for ethics than expediency, and that his ideas of right and wrong have been produced in a way that materially differs from the production of whiskers. He fails utterly to appreciate the doctrine of the uniformity of nature and really thinks that prohibition and agnosticism are the sine qua non of the world's salvation."

"I hold it as an indisputable proposition the men of science have not been and are not the greatest benefactors of the race. Humanity owes far more to its signers than to its sages. Religion is the single source of all the true delight that men have known."

"How much more pleasant it is to let the imagination clothe Brother like being than it is to think of him as a bewhiskered little prohibitionist, tracing his origin to something less than a tadpole floating about in a drop of slime? What has Moore gained, as far as his happiness is concerned, in finding out that he was once an uncellular moneron, that subsequently became something like a monkey, after a while developed into a man, degenerated into a Campbellite preacher, became an agnostic, broke into the penitentiary and now thinks is very one is a fool who does not think as he does? Darwin and Haeckel took Moore out and introduced him to himself, made an evolutionist out of him, told him that after all he was only a very high elaborated wiggle tail and that his existence on the earth did not amount to any more than the career of a bed bug at a Methodist camp meeting. For all of which Brother Moore says he is thankful and that he feels much better."

"And yet, perhaps, Brother Moore at some time has felt the touch of a great sorrow. Maybe he has lost a loved one, a child or friend. I can see him press his lips for the last time to the lips now stark and still that once pressed his. There are tears in the eyes that time has dimmed and in the last lingering, agonizing farewell, grasping the hand of her who has dwelt with him in the night of many a sorrow, he stands again in the shadow of unspeakable woe. And now suppose that just in the midst of his grief some scientific old stiff would blurt into him and say:

"What the hell, Charlie? Oh, I see there's a stiff in the shack. Why don't you plant it? Come on, get out of this, you blubbering old idiot! She's only a primate, a mammal of the genus homo and a direct descendant of some pre-historic bug that gen-

erated spontaneously in the ooze of primal seas! You take an over death like it was a rare occurrence. For the sake of your treeclimbing, chattering ancestors, let's bury the kid and get a drink of circus lemonade. I thought you was a materialist, and here you are taking on as if the solar system has slipped an eccentric or busted a drawhead. Why, you are as bad as a Christian. You look as if you might be in a Come to Jesus trance."

If there was anything lacking in my first contention that "Reed's Isonomy," like "Brann's Iconoclast," is only a Jesuit organ in the disguise of a "free lance," certainly there is abundance in the above to supply the deficiency.

Brann's Iconoclast, was, or is—I do not know whether it is still published—a very immoral publication that was conducted in the interest of Jesuitism, but its purpose was so skillfully concealed that but few saw its real purpose and it was efficient as a Catholic advocate.

Its only literary interest was an elaborate use of long and unusual words as a pretense of learning.

"Isonomy" is its duplicate except that its editors have not such a genius for stringing words together."

Of course Catholics have just as much right to print propagandist papers as Protestants or Infidels have but to edit a paper in one interest when it is professedly in another is simply one brand of lying."

To correct all the gross absurdities of Armstrong would require more space than would be advisable in a newspaper controversy."

If Armstrong had been born and reared an Irish Catholic, of the ordinary Catholic ignorance I would take pleasure in correcting some of his errors, but the man, born and reared a Protestant, who for money, will repeat the stereotyped and stupid assertions that the priests have, for centuries, put into the mouths of their dupes, is the paid minion of superstition with whom to reason it is to cast pearls before swine."

Brann managed his scheme so shrewdly that, to this day, there are thousands of Infidels who do not believe he was the employed pimp of the Jesuits. The Christian Idea of Infidelity—and especially the Catholic Christian—is that it is simply organized immorality, and Brann, to simulate infidelity, as the Christians understand it, lauded every vice in Texas and every crime in the Newgate calendar."

Armstrong to imitate Brann, shows his loyalty to liquor drinking by his opposition to prohibition, but Armstrong's open espousal of Catholic dogmas and his parrot repetition of Catholic stock arguments (?) so expose his plans that even the Catholics will probably not support him."

Armstrong says of me, a radical atheist, distinguished for my opposition to anarchy, that I have "not intelligence enough to know that atheism and anarchism are perfectly consistent, and to a man like I am who has been imprisoned by Christians for blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, he argues that all of civilization that I enjoy I owe to the Christian religion."

As a matter of fact I have not, for years, been allied with the Prohibition party, because it is chiefly managed by preachers, and the prejudice of intelligent people against preachers in such that anything with which they are especially identified must ipso facto, be a failure. I am not an agnostic; I am an atheist."

I don't want to be "godlike," and especially am I opposed to being considered like the God of the Jews and Christians—the worst character known to literature."

In calling me a "bewhiskered little prohibitionist," people can see the same animus that prompted Roosevelt to call Paine a "filthy little atheist." I lack a half-inch of being six feet tall, and weigh 185 pounds, and seven days in every week, do more or less work such as strong men generally do. As I write this I am wet with sweat from handling a scythe and I claim that of all dog Fennel Precinct I am "the man with the hoe." I do not believe there is a man of my age in my country, including Lexington, who can put in the handling of a hoe, pitchfork scythe, cross-cut saw and a wedge and wedges greater skill than I can, and the happiest hours of my life are when I am working with such. One of my luxuries is bathing in Elkhorn creek. In the warm weather, but if I can live in history as Paine has done, I suppose some Roosevelt or Armstrong will add "filthy" to my characteristics."

But what if I were "little"? Are Tom Thumb and Commodore Nut, and all fairies and Brownies essentially criminals? Does a man who lives in the "Lone Star State" despite Thaddeus Stevens because he could not pull down 100 pounds on any properly adjusted balance? Paul's diminutive stature is very one is a fool who does not think as he does? Darwin and Haeckel took Moore out and introduced him to himself, made an evolutionist out of him, told him that after all he was only a very high elaborated wiggle tail and that his existence on the earth did not amount to any more than the career of a bed bug at a Methodist camp meeting. For all of which Brother Moore says he is thankful and that he feels much better."

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It seems that in the estimation of "Isonomy" a man can "degenerate" into a "Campbellite preacher" but he could not degenerate into a Catholic priest, because all priests are grand and noble beings.

Breaking into the penitentiary is not ordinarily considered very honorable, but Jesus Christ and Paul and Silas all did it, and J. C. got hung beside.

A "Methodist camp meeting" is a thing for the jests and jeers of Mr. Armstrong, but in a gang of Catholic priests making in money galore healing thousands of people by letting them look at the wrist bone of Anna the mother of Virgin Mary (that had seven children) and (consequently the grandma of God, we see clearly how religion has brought about the civilization that we have.

I have written more than once that the first gray hairs came into my head, on the death of my daughter, our first child, at eleven years of age. Armstrong has been reading me for a good many years.

For years, after my curly-headed girl died, when anything happy would come to us, I have longed to have my child back, and then when sorrow came, I felt reconciled to the thought that she was gone. Finally it has gotten so that I never want her back but at times long for the day that I will be laid to sleep beside her."

There are somethings that, even in the bitterest newspaper controversies, are so regarded as being sacred that they cannot, by proper thinking people, be intruded upon."

No man worthy of the name of man would, simply in the hope of making me suffer, paint that brutal picture of the beautiful death of my daughter but there is simply nothing at which the religious fanatic will halt, if he thinks he can, by it, bring some pang to the body, brain or heart of one who opposes the fanatic's superstition."

Armstrong is, I believe a bachelor, and has never known the sacredness of legitimate paternity, and it is charity to hope that it is simply ignorance in him, rather than cruelty, such as no beast would willingly inflict, that dictated those coarse lines that seem to allude to our loss of our child."

Even if it had been legitimate to use that method against me, has that dead child's gray haired mother no sacred right of sorrow that a Jesuit bigot is bound to respect?"

## THANKS.

Through the Blade I wish to return my warmest thanks to my friend and co-worker Marilla M. Ricker, for an Ingersoll souvenir spoon, designed by the Freethought philosopher-artist, Otto Wettstein. I greatly prize this gift, bestowed by one of the ablest and grandest women in the Freethought ranks and designed by one of our greatest thinkers and writers. Mrs. Ricker is an able lawyer admitted to practice before the U. S. Supreme Court, and one of the most generous supporters of the cause of mental liberty in our land. She has at her own expense placed the splendid Bresdon edition of Ingersoll's complete works in a number of College, University and public libraries. Mrs. Ricker has traveled extensively in foreign lands, and her letters to me from the Hawaiian Islands where she has been spending the past winter are intensely interesting and instructive reading. Her gift to me of an Ingersoll spoon is highly appreciated. I shall always use it with pleasure, and it will ever be to me "a thing of beauty and joy forever."

W. D. HARP.

Comment—The devil is the finest character in the Bible. I don't want him to marry a widow. Mary Mac Lane has set her cap for him and deserves him.

I would try to make a match between Mary and Kidder, but I am afraid his selecting names for seven children that he is going to have and publishing them in the Blade, in advance of his marriage, will damage his matrimonial prospects—too many for these times.

I have not been able to get you up a club, but some good is being done here, all the same—bread may be gathered many days hence.

Wishing you continued health and success, I remain yours with respect.

W. D. HARP.

Why I Am an Agnostic.

Entirely rewritten and greatly enlarged. Never before published. One of Ingersoll's grandest efforts. Paper, 25 cents.

Astral Worship.

By J. H. Hill, M. D. This book will be found to be a valuable contribution to the current discussion of religious problems. Price, \$1.

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Home treatment for \$15. A cure guaranteed or money refunded by DICKY LIQUOR CURE. We send it to you with a manhood restorer, all in one. We make it, we sell it, we guarantee it to cure any case of drink habit on earth. We send it to you with a guarantee of a cure or refund the money. Best bank reference given. A business strictly confidential. Address: DICKY REMEDY CO., P. O. BOX 44, SHELBY, IND.

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Send for prices of watches, diamonds, jewelry, silver, plated or optical goods, Free Thought and other badges, Ingersoll spoons and my famous tract: "Theism In The Crucible," free.

OTTO WETTSTEIN,

1132 Clarkson street, Denver, Col.

AND STILL ANOTHER.

I wish also to extend my thanks to Capt. G. W. Loyd for a napkin ring made from the wood of the tree that grew out of the grave of Thomas Paine. Capt. Loyd stands guard over this sacred spot, and has sent many souvenirs from this celebrated tree to the friends of mental liberty.

Long live Capt. Loyd, the world needs such as he.

JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

Versailles, Ky.

At Mumfordsville, Ky., Thomas D. Fuqua, aged 81 years, and weighing 225 pounds was "immersed." It took two men to souze him.

Once there was a great big old nigger "immersed." He got awfully strangled. When, finally, he got his breath he said: "Some nigger get wine ter git drowned by dis dam foolishness."

At Guthrie, Okla., Rev. John Boyle was killed by a horse.

Chattelsburg, Ky., Aug. 4. — A sheriff's posse is today pursuing Sylvester Copley, Jr., who killed John White Sunday at Oakland Church during the services. Copley and White had previously quarreled.

## PETITION FOR DR. HAMMER.

THE UNDERSIGNED PARTY, OR PARTIES, MOST RESPECTFULLY REQUEST YOUR EXCELLENCY, GOVERNOR A. B. CUMMINS OF THE STATE OF IOWA, TO PARDON DR. MARION R. HAMMER, OF NEWTON, IOWA, NOW IN THE PENITENTIARY AT FORT MADISON, IOWA.

## THE BLADE

USED AS A BURNT OFFERING TO THE LORD IN FLORIDA.

Kathleen, Fla., Aug. 5, 1902.

Editor B. G. B.:

Dear Sir:—Enclosed find 50 cents for six months subscription to the Blade Magazine.

I find the practice of making burnt offerings to the Lord, by some of our South Florida religionists, is still in vogue.

A few days ago a good Methodist lady of our community, into whose hands two or more copies of the Blade had fallen, she having seen a few copies of it before, and thereby knowing the paper, said she would send them up the smoke flew and did so, as soon as the wrappers were off.

She wanted to make a burnt offering to the Lord, and considered the Blade good material for the purpose.

One copy of the Blade fell into the hands of a good widow who said, after reading it, that she did not want any more such papers as that.

"Gracious," she said, "that is old Satan himself turned loose right here among us."

I don't know whether the good widow is seeking another matrimonial partner, or not, but if she is it would do well for her to make the acquaintance of the royal gentleman that she calls Satan, for if the Bible account of him be true, he is the possessor of large estates, and there is no evidence that he has ever been married and judging from what is said of his occupation it would take a warm partner for a widow who is well advanced in years.

Our religious element, in this section, is a very smart set; so much so that they all set fire to all such literature as the B. G. B. before it is read, or as soon as it is read enough to find out that it is not religious."

But I believe that the Blade is destined to make a "rep" in this section, for you know the water must be made muddy before you can catch the fish.

When you get your big machine in running order perhaps you will be able to give us a little more of the good solid truths with which to stir them up and catch a few of the large religious suckers."

I have not been able to get you up a club, but some good is being done here, all the same—bread may be gathered many days hence.

Wishing you continued health and success, I remain yours with respect.

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During certain periods of August and September the Burlington will make such remarkably low first-class round trip rates to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo as \$21.00 from St. Louis, \$15.00 from the Missouri River and \$25.00 from Chicago, good all summer; at other periods only one fare plus \$2.00. Ask nearest ticket agent for details.

COOL MINNESOTA.

Very low tourist rates to Minnesota points daily, until September 15.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS.

First and third Tuesdays of August, September and October to many sections of the West and Northwest.

Round trip tickets with 21 days' limit.

Consult your nearest ticket agent or write us of your proposed trip and let us advise you the least cost, send us your publications and otherwise assist you.

W. M. SHAW, L. W. WAKELY, D. P. A. 436 Vine St., G. P. Ag't, Cincinnati, O. St. Louis, Mo.

C. M. LEVY, General Manager, St. Louis, Mo.

General Manager, St. Louis, Mo.

General Manager, St. Louis, Mo.

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